

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

"H" saw at once as he entered the house that the window needed cleaning. From a popular magazine story. Well, it wasn't exactly polite to speak of it.

The report that one New York screen star has seventy suits of clothes will be of extreme interest to the movie patron who has to stay in bed while his is at the presser's.

The father of Senator Lodge is supposed to have constructed one of the first refrigerators used in this country, and the Senator now acts as if he had spent most of his boyhood in it.

A shipment of monkeys has been sent to Harvard for scientific purposes. Monkeys are great imitators and before long we expect to hear of one of them marrying a chorus girl.

Singing won't cure obesity, says beauty expert. What he really means is that obesity won't cure singing.

Well, it will soon be time for quite a number of hunters to crawl through a barbed wire fence with a loaded shotgun for the last time.

Animal glands are now announced as a cure for baldness. Well, they ought to be an improvement over the toupee in one respect; they can't blow off.

Some one shot a bootlegger the other day. What saved his life was that the bullet struck a bunch of labels in his breast pocket.

Every time Henry Ford reduces the price of his car, it makes it just that much more humiliating to be bumped by one.

A girl's worst problem in damp weather is making her permanent wave stay wavy and her bang stay bang.

The average person has a forgiving disposition, or else a dentist would never get the same patient twice.

More than 4,000 American cities are now burning gas, and more than 20,000,000 Americans are now stepping on it.

Trimming the Christmas Tree

MOTHER and the girls start out to trim the Christmas tree, and what they really trim is the old man. What, what? Order in the court.

He is the most wonderful old Christmas tree in the whole wide world, and presents drip from him involuntarily but profusely. Santa Claus knows to find this old Christmas tree, never fear. Santa Claus knows his office number and private telephone number.

Santa Claus gets into communication with him every day for a month before Christmas. He goes out and buys a rope of pearls for Ruby on Monday, and on Tuesday he goes out and buys a ruby for Pearl. Each has called him up and given him a hint concerning the other. The girls are very backward these days.

They pick presents off him as though he were standing up in front of a Sunday School with little electric lights sticking out all over him.

When the process is over he feels like the framework of a turkey three days after Thanksgiving. Then he begins clothing himself again to be in readiness to be picked clean by the Government income tax in March.

The presents they hang on him are always useful ones. Father has the reputation of always wanting useful presents, and he gets enough socks to supply the Belgian army, and the neckties that he can't wear, if laid end to end, would reach from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to some other city.

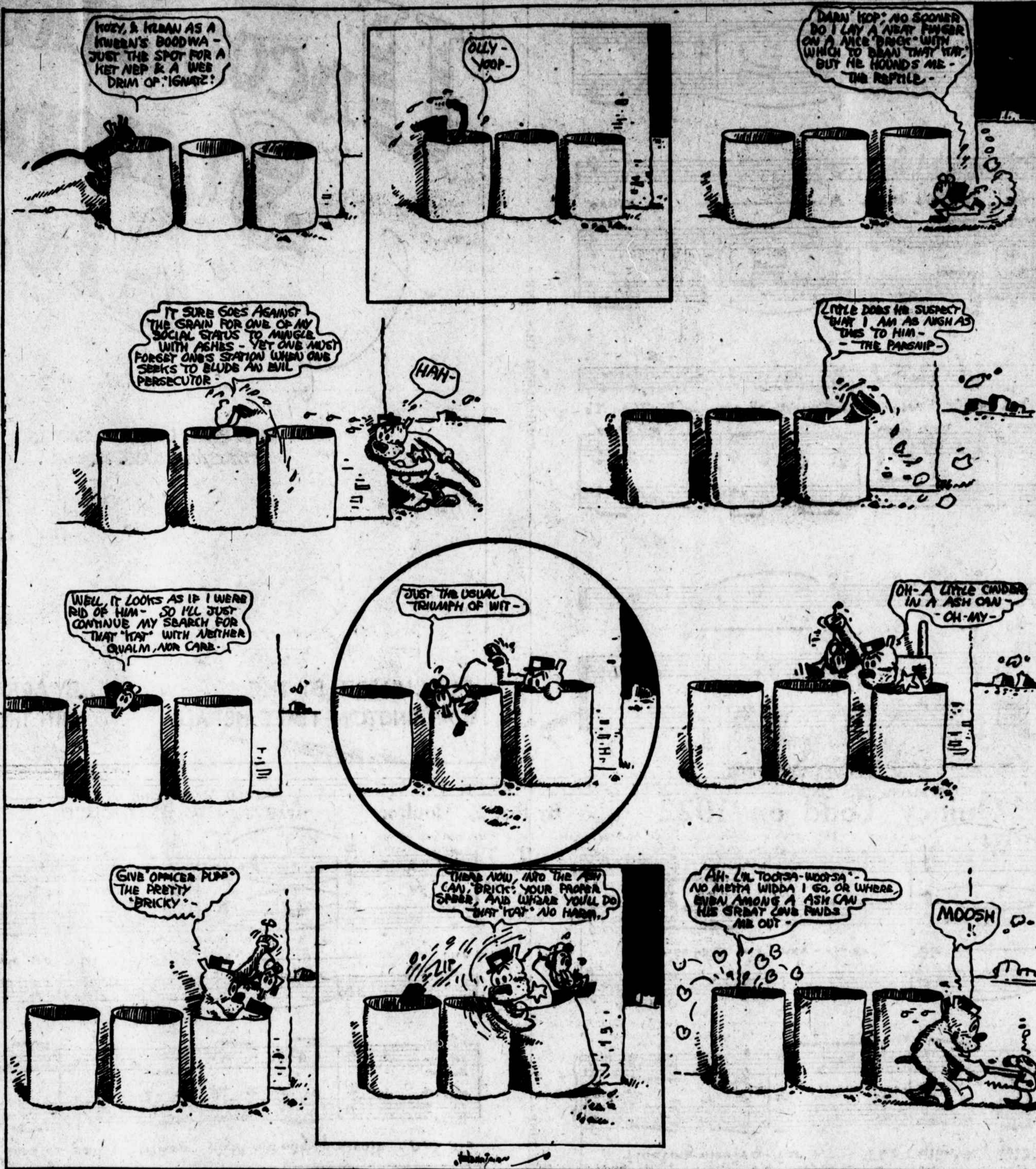
If father were consulted he might occasionally like a few frivolous presents like diamonds, automobiles or steam yachts.

He always advises his folk to be economical and practice thrift at Christmas time, and when he looks over the presents they give him he is surprised to find that they have taken his advice.

This poor old Christmas tree has what they call a Merry Christmas.

Krazy Kat

By Herriman



Tony the Barber on Beauty

By R. K. M.

WHEN I walk on da strit with my wife, Mariouche, an' I say: "Oh, there es a beautiful lady," she turn opp da nose an' say: "Ha! How that way do you get eet? Keep da eye on your own wife. Anybody can be beautiful by da oesmeticks."

"In some cases," I say, "but not all. I have seen some beautiful lady which are not so handsome, at that. I see many pictures by da Sunday paper een eet. They all say these lady is 'beautiful society leaders' but I not know how they get that way - surely not by da face."

"That also none of your business es eet," say Mariouche. "How you come to be such a cricket of beauty so sudden?"

"By my barb shop," I reply. "Ladys now go by barb shop quite frequently to get da bob-bings an' da shampooed. They patternise da barb shop quite frequent to get beautiful."

"A Wop barber shop es hot

place to get beautiful," say my wife. "You have also got come prise beautys to work by you. You are not such a mooch, yourself, an' da guy you get on da second chair, Luigi, he will stop da clock."

"These lady do not come to see da barbs," I say, with dignity. "They come to get fees opp."

"For why you got eet that tall screen by da back of da shop?" she ask eet.

"For lady to sit behind eet while we make da shampooing on da head." For why do you suppose same?" I say.

"Oh, I not know," she nudge. "I see no necessary for no screen for you to hide behind with no woman."

"Nothing take place which all might not see with impudencies," I say.

"Then why you got eet da screen?"

"Oh, shot opp," I flash, vint. "You make me seek. You talk joost like a woman."

"That es what I see, a woman," she say. "What you think I see, a alligator or a hipo-tenuse? Eet es because I am a woman that I do not like said screen for shampooing. You will remove same from shop, please."

"I not," I renounce very plain. "That screen make a lot money. When woman get shampoo, they es beautiful as formerly. They not look so enervating wit' hair down an' all soapy. Man not care. He joost es soon have shampoo out on sidewalk. Woman got to have shampoo behind screen. Woman has got da artistic temperatue. Man not care."

"How many lady get shampoo by your shop, Wop, what?" ask my wife very calm an' collective.

"Oh plenty," I say, "and some es ver' beautiful as you call eet. Some look like wit' young girls when on da strit but when they come by barb shop far da close-up, they es nice old ladies. Dis-art leads estrangement to the view. One lady in to get sham-

po an' she wear tober mask on da face while doing so. Da water then can't trickly down her face and crack da kalestina. One my costumers, she es got enamel by da face on eet an' she not never crack a smile. She cannot do so wit'out cracking whole face. Bot, still open spite of that, there es lots pritty young woman come by my shop also. All es not fake that looks beautiful. Some es same wit'out no drug store whatever."

"I suppose you pick out all da young ones which es real pritty," say my wife.

"I take them which comes to my turn," I say. "New class da pan or change subject. I not make any more da ask wit, you about same. Anyhow, No man never fall een love wit' no lady when she es getting shampoo. So you need not worry or get excited."

"Worry, hah!" she snap, vint. "I not worry, only you remove screen from barb shop immediate."

"I not," I recourse, very vindictive.

"Well, we shall see what we shall see eet," she say.

Nex' day ver' stylish woman come in for shampoo and she say to me: "Tony," she say "I got to have eet my nails manicure. I always get my nails manicure while I get shampoo. Why you not get no manicure lady by your shop?"

"Well," I inhale, "I never tink from that as yet. I not got soch stylish shop, you know."

"You get good manicure quick," she say. "She paz for herself."

Well several other lady ask same question an' so I make opp my mind an' I put a sign by da window: "Manicure Wanted."

No manicure shows opp for long time, maybe one wick an' one day my wife Mariouche come into my barb shop an' she grab that sign quick out of da window an' sit down in a chair.

"What you mean?" I goggle, very surprise. "Put sign back by da window."

"I not," she snap, and she tear opp same.

"I got to have da sign een da window to attract da manicores," I snarl.

"You have got one," she say, very contented.

"Which es what?" I storm.

"I say you have got da manicure," she say.

"She es who?" I ask dumb-founded.

"I am same," she announce.

"Lad wick I see da sign by your window and every afternoon since I take manicure lessons an' now I am reglar manicure. Eef I do not get da job I will make wreck of deess barber shop like da Black Tom Explosion."

"You got da job," I explode simultaneous. "Where shall your manicuring table be put?"

"Put my manicuring table right over behin' that shampooing screen. That es also fine place for manicuring business."

And so, I ask you, what can you do when you es got da wife like that!

Rural Editor's Paragraphs

THE performance of "Alma" by the Home Opera Lover's Club will not take place till 9:30 p. m., because Tony Lathrine, the tenor, can't close his barber shop till nine o'clock.

Alimony is the greatest evil about divorce, says Ike Merritt, who has to pay his wife two dollar a week for her upkeep since they have got their divorce. Hard lines, Ike, say we.

Ed Hammer, the blacksmith, stuck a horseshoe over his door for good luck, an' his mother-in-law come to visit him last Tuesday week an' the horseshoe fell down an' crowned her on the bean. She was so upset she had to go back home without payin' Ed a visit. Looks to us like the charm worked.

The mayor got all wrought because they was a check-your-babies concern goin' to open up on Main street. His honor sayin' he wouldn't stand for no birth control in his balliwick, but his excitement cooled off when he found out it was only a place to leave babies while their mothers went shoppin'.

Elpe Snodgrass give Skinny Craig a drag at the new batch of home brew that he been makin', an' th' stuff got to twistin' Skinny's heartstrings so energetic that he was tryin' to hand a nicker to the newsboy statue on the fountain down at the railroad station. Anything that gets through Skinny's interference an' makes him take the elastic off'n the ole roll has got some kick in it, say we.

Nate Crawford is sure good to his wife. She was in the hospital an' had to have an operation for blood transfusion. So Nate he made a great sacrifice an' walked over to the fruit store an' bought two dozen of blood oranges for the surgeons to use. Some generosity, say we.

Postmaster Sykes says he's glad the Summer boardin' season is over, because the crowd that was up here had correspondents that was such poor writers an' they tried to put so much on a postal card that his eyesight is nigh onto ruined tryin' to keep wise to what was goin' on.

Two a busy day at the railroad station yesterday. Hiram Silla, the agent, sent two dead-head telegrams, a guy cashed in a rebate ticket an' the Green twins got lost in the waitin' room it was so empty since the Summer boarders are all gone.

Our Paris Fashion Cable

THE most radical development of the mode, as we go to press, is the fashion of appearing in public completely clothed. This is an extreme innovation, but quite a few of the haute monde are getting away with it without losing their haute.

Present styles in gowns—day, not night—seem to run toward floor and wall coverings. This started out with tapestries and lighter fabrics, but some of the more daring Parisiennes have snatched the rug from the parlor and turned them into chic creations. Others are going in for window hangings. Quite a cute little three-piece affair can be made from a pair of lace curtains and a couch cover. Of course, it doesn't improve the appearance of the couch, but these things can't be helped.

Oriental rugs are, of course, the most prized materials for the new modes, but in case they are beyond your purse, something in Brussels, Wilton or chenille is entirely accept.

So far, linoleum hasn't come out of the kitchen, but before the end of the week, we wouldn't be surprised to see a little flock of oil-cloth trimmed with pantry shelf paper, coming down the Place de la Opera—or some other place.

The chief drawback to the rug-and-carpet mode is in the heaviness of the creations.

A Paris husband sent home two gowns to his wife the other day, and she fell and broke her neck trying to carry them upstairs.

Thus was his generosity rewarded.